

Oh, for the coming of that glorious time  
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest wealth  
And best protection, this imperishable realm,  
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit  
An obligation on her part to teach  
Them who are born to serve her and obey.

—Wordsworth.

Unhappy man, whom so, now thus end rage  
To different ills alternately engage;  
Who drinks, alas! but to forget, nor sees  
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,  
Memory confused, an interrupted thought,  
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught  
And, in the flowers that breathe a sparkling bowl,  
Fall adieu kiss, and poisonous serpents roll.

—Prior.

Let the axe  
Strike at the root, the poison will fall;  
And where its venomous exhalations spread  
Ruin and death, and woe, where millions lay  
Quenching the serpent's famine, and their bones  
Bleaching unburied in the putrid blast,  
A garden shall arise, in loveliness  
Surpassing Eden!

—Shelley.

Law does not put the least restraint  
Upon our freedom, but maintain it;  
Or, if it does, 'tis for our good,  
To give us freer latitude,  
For wholesome laws preserve us free,  
By stinting of our liberty.

Butler's Hudibras.

A liquorous thing is wine, and drunkenness  
Is full of striving and of wretchedness.  
O drunken man! disfigured is thy face,  
Sour is thy breath, foul art thou to embrace;  
And through thy drunken nose seemeth the sound  
As though thou saidest, Aye, Sampson! Sampson!  
And yet, Got wot, Sampson drunk ne'er no wine.  
Thou fall'st as it were a tickled swine;  
Thy tongue is lost, and all thine honest cure!  
For drunkenness is very sepulture  
Of man's wit and his discretion.  
In whom that drink hath domination  
He can no counsel keep.

—Chaucer (1400).

The ten thousand castles,  
For ever debbling out their base contents,  
Toss'd by the Midas finger of the State,  
Bleed gold for the ministers to sport away.  
Dink, and he must, then, 'tis your country  
Hid!  
Gloriously drunk, obey th' important call!  
Her cause demands the assistance of your throats.  
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more!

—Copper.

Of the night,  
Weary with beating the black Calder streams,  
I dropped into your cozy paradise.  
Last week poor Horton died, who sat therein  
As constant as a seat within his niche,  
I saw him often, heard his glorious talk,  
But ere the midnight grew into the morn,  
He seemed a mighty angel sent from God  
Standing before us—rank; a sinful song  
Staining his radiant lips. I often sat  
At those wild draining bouts, which seemed di-  
vine.  
In a great flash of wit—and rose next morn,  
Throat like the parched Sahara, and each ear  
Loud as a cotton mill. The o'er-ripe jade  
Fell nigh the rider, and, like all the world,  
I found too late the price of late delights.  
Honey in which the bees have left their stings.

—Alexander Smith.

## HIS LETTER.

One rainy night, about half-past eight o'clock, the train had dashed into McKibben's Corners, and the mail had been delivered at the store and Post-office.

John Fairjohn, the Postmaster, had opened the bag and counted the letters. There were, as he made out, just ten, and one was larger than the others, and had a red seal; and then he had found that he had left his glasses on the newspaper in the back room, and without his glasses he could not read a line; and so, of course, he had gone after them, returning to find two persons in the store—Farmer Roper and Square McKibben, whose ancestors had given name to the place.

"Wet, ain't it?" said Mr. Fairjohn, nodding.

"Wet or not, our folks ain't going to do without their groceries, you see," said the Square. "Mails in, I see. That train came near running into my truck, too. Wasn't noticing the flag, and drove across just in time to save myself. Any letters for me?"

"I'll see," said Mr. Fairjohn. He turned to the little pile of envelopes, and told them over in his hand like a deck of cards.

"Why, there's only nine," he said. "I'm sure I counted right. I counted ten, and I thought one had a red seal, I might as well give up keeping the office if I'm going to lose my senses like that. There wasn't any one in here while I was gone, was there, Squire?"

"Only Roper and I," said the Squire, "and Roper's son. But he didn't come in, did he?"

"No," said old Roper, "I don't think that Job came in at all. He just went off somewhere."

"Well," said the Postmaster, after another search, "Well, I must be mistaken. Yes, there is a letter for you—your folks, anyway—and something for you, Mr. Roper. And you wouldn't mind tossing that in at the Smiths' as you pass?"

"Oh, no," said Farmer Roper, "Give it to me. That's from Smith that's clerking it in New York. I reckon. Can't get any of 'em to stay and farm."

"Your son Job did," said the Squire. "Oh my son Job. He'd try the patience of his namesake," said Farmer Roper. "My son Job, bah."

Just at this moment the door of the store opened, and there entered at it a little woman dressed in a cheap calico and wrapped in a thin and faded shawl. She looked timidly about the store, still more timidly at the heap of letters, and then in an appealing voice like that of a frightened child, said:

"Mr. Fairjohn, is there any letter for me this time?"

## The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IV.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 26, 1875.

NUMBER 34.

The Postmaster, who was a little deaf, had turned his head away and did not know that she had entered, and she came close to the counter and the lamp upon it, before she spoke again. She was a faded little woman, and her face had signs of grief written upon it, but she was neither old nor ugly yet, and there was something in the damp curls clustering under the faded calico hood, and in the little round, dimpled chin, absolutely childlike even yet.

"Is there a letter for me this time Mr. Fairjohn?" she said again; and this time the Postmaster looked up. "No, there ain't; and you are a fool to take such a walk to ask," said he, with rough kindness. "Wouldn't I have sent it if it had a come, Mrs. Lester?"

"Well, you see, I felt in a hurry to get it," said she. "You can't blame me for being in a hurry, it's so long." "That's true," said the Postmaster. "Well, better luck next time. But why don't you wait? Mr. McKibben will take you over when he goes. He passes your corner."

"Yes, wait Mrs. Lester," cried Mr. McKibben, "I'll take you, and welcome." But she had answered:

"Thank you. I don't mind walking," and was gone.

"Keeps it up, don't she?" remarked the Postmaster.

"It's a shame," said Mr. McKibben. "How many years is it since Lester went off?"

"Ten," said the Postmaster. "I know, for it was the day I came here. She was as pretty a woman as you'd want to see then, wasn't she?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. McKibben.

"Sailed in the Sphinx," said the Postmaster. "And we all know that the Sphinx went down in that voyage, all hands along with her. The rest of the women put on widow's weeds, then that lost husbands—four in this town itself. They took what the Almighty sent, and didn't rebel. She set up that her husband wasn't dead, and would come back. She kept it up ever since; comes for his letter regularly, and he was drowned along with the rest, of course, ten years ago. She must be thirty. Well, she's changed a good deal in that time."

"Yes," said the other man; "but there's my son Job wild over her yet. He's offered himself twice. He stands ready to offer himself again any day—ready to go to the bottom of the sea for her. He's better off than I be. His mother's father left him all he had. He's crazy as Job—crazy I call it. Plenty of pretty girls, and healthy smart widows, and he sees no one but that pale, slim, little thing that's just gone out into the mud; and she—why, of course, she has lost her senses, or she'd would have him. Works like a slave to keep herself and the child, lives in a rickety shanty, waiting and waiting for a drowned man to come back again. Why, every one knows Charlie Lester was drowned in the Sphinx. There wasn't a soul saved, not one. It was in the papers. Now, the bottle was found with a letter in it, writ by some one just before the ship sunk. And she's waiting for him yet!"

"Crazy on that point," said the Postmaster. "Well, poor soul, she'd only been married a week when the Sphinx sailed; that makes a difference."

"Oh, yes," said the farmer. Then, their parcels being ready, they went out to their wagons, and Mr. Fairjohn having stared out into the rainy night awhile, put up his shutters and went to bed. Meanwhile, the woman plodded on through the mud. "Walking off her disappointment," she said to herself. It was one she should have been used to, and now the absurdity of it seemed to strike her for the first time in all these years.

"They laugh at me," she muttered to herself. "I know they laugh at me. Perhaps I am mad; but they don't know what love is. Charlie wouldn't have left me like that. If he had died he would have given me some sign; and yet—yet, if he were alive, it would be stranger still. No, no; they are right—I am wrong. He must be dead."

And as though the news had just been whispered to her, she clasped her hands to her forehead, gave a cry, and sank down on her knees in the road. She knelt there a few moments, and then arose. In this interval the wind had blown the clouds from the sky, and the moonlight lay white upon the path, and lit her on her way to her poor home.

There at the door sat a man, a strong, determined-looking fellow, who arose as she approached and held out his hand. "Here you come," he said, "tired to death, worn out, still on that fruitless errand. Jessie Lester can't you give up this nonsense and think of the living a little. Think of me, Jessie, for just half an hour."

"I do think of you," she said. "I am very sorry you should be so good to me when I must seem so bad to you." Then she sat down on the porch and took her little hood off, and leaned her head wearily against the wall of the house; and the man arose and crossed over, and sat down beside her.

"Give it a sifter resting place, Jessie," he said, "here on my heart."

She looked out into the night, not at him, as she spoke:

"Job," she said, "I begin to think you are right, that he went down in the Sphinx with the rest ten years ago. But what good would I do you? What do you want to marry me for?"

The man drew closer still as he answered:

"Before you were married to Charles Lester I loved you. While you were a married woman I loved you. All these ten years since that vessel went down I've loved you. A man must have the woman he loves if he gives his soul for her."

"What a horrible thought!" said she. "His soul."

"I should have said his life," said Job, "I don't want to shock you. But don't know what it would be to me to have you. And then I'd do everything for your boy."

"Yes," she answered; "I know you would."

There was a pause. Then she gave him her hand.

"Job," she said very softly, "I shall pretend nothing I don't feel, but I know I've been crazy all this time, and if you want me you may have me. It's very good of you to love me so."

And thus it seemed to have ended, that ten years' watching and waiting, and there was triumph in Job's eyes as he turned away and left her with his first kiss upon her lips. But at the end of the green gate he paused and looked back.

"I told her the truth," he said, "when I said that when a man loved a woman as I loved her, he must have her, if the price were his soul itself."

And then he drew from his breast a letter with a great red seal upon it, looked at it for a moment, and hid it away again.

Married! Yes, they were to be married. Every one at McKibben's Corners knew that now. Jessie Lester went no more to the post office for her long expected letter. Job was furnishing his house—his furnished it, for on the morning the wedding was to take place. And it was night again. A month from that time, when she had come for the last time, as every one thought, through rain and mud, to make her sadly foolish query, she was sensible at last—very sensible. She had chosen the substance instead of the shadow.

And now, as we suppose was argued out a wetter one than that other—later, too, for Mr. Fairjohn had closed the store, and was compounded himself what he called a "night-cap" of some fragrant liquor, warm water, lemons and sugar, and was supping it by the stove, when there came upon his door a feeble knock, and when, being repeated, he heard it, there staggered in out of the rain a dripping figure—that of Jessie Lester, the bride who was to be on the morrow.

She was trembling with cold, and as he led her to the fire she burst into a flood of tears.

"I'm frightened," she said. "Some one followed me all the way. I heard them."

"You've no business to be out alone at night," said old Fairjohn, bluntly.

"And what's the matter?"

"She looked up at him piteously.

"I thought there would be a letter," she said; "I dreamt there was one, I thought Charlie came to me and said, 'Go to the office once more. I have written, I have written.' And I thought I saw a letter with a red seal."

"So did I," muttered old Fairjohn to himself.

He went to the box where the letters were kept, and brought them to her in his hand.

"Look for yourself," he said. "And now, Mrs. Lester, I'm an old man. Take my advice. Remember what your duty will be after to-morrow. Remember not to go crazy."

"Ten years have gone by since your husband left this place. If he's alive he's a rascal, and you are free of him by law; but we all know that every man on board the Sphinx was drowned. So be a good wife to Job Roper and forget this folly. I'll take you home again this time. Don't come again."

She made no answer, but only tossed the letters over in her lap, and said:

"I seemed to know it had a red seal."

And as she spoke, old Fairjohn, glancing at the door, saw a dark shadow there, saw it grow darker; saw it enter and start up on its defence, if need be, recognized Job Roper.

He was very pale, and he took no notice of Fairjohn, but crossed the store, stood beside Jessie Lester.

"You love that man best, even now," he said. "You'd rather have found a letter from him than not though to-morrow is our wedding day."

She looked up in his face with a piteous glance.

"I never lied to you," she said. "You know that."

He grew still whiter.

"I told you a man would lose his soul for such a love as mine," said he. "Did you think those were idle words?"

"Then he plunged his hand into his bosom, and the next instant a letter, with a red seal, lay in Jessie's lap."

"I've made you happy, and now I'll go," he said. "Fairjohn, I stole that

letter a month ago, off the counter yonder. I knew who wrote it at a glance; and then the door closed behind him, and he was gone.

But Jessie tore open the letter and never looked after him.

And these were the words she read, old Fairjohn reading over her shoulder:

"ABOARD THE SILVER STAR.—Jessie, darling; I don't know what makes me believe I shall find you mine still, after all these years, but something does."

"Five of us were cast on a desert island when the Sphinx went down. The two yet alive were taken off it yesterday in skins, with our beads to our knees. We must go to England first—then home. Jessie, Jessie, if I do not find you as I left you I shall go mad. Your husband,

CHARLES LESTER."

And so Jessie's letter came at last. And as John Fairjohn looked into her face, he saw how angels look in Paradise.

And Job was found drowned in the Kill the next morning. Jessie never knew it, perhaps, for she and her boy were on their way to New York to meet the Silver Star when it made port.

## A Happy Emblem.

The following is from the autobiography of the late Rev. Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh:

"Westminster Palace Hotel, London, July 19th, 1871. I have just come from a meeting where I had a pretty row with the Attorney-General of Australia. The meeting was that of a Colonial society, and took place in the large hall of this hotel. In seconding a vote of thanks to Jenkins—author of 'Ginx's Baby'—I made some remarks touching the Colonies as a field for our ragged school children, which were greatly cheered. After me came the said Attorney-General, who opposed the idea of sending out, as he chose to characterize my proposition, 'the scum of the earth to the Colonies.' This set up my *birns*. I waited till he was done, then craved and gave him an answer. My finisher, the *coup de grace*, was furnished by a sheet of paper lying on the table before the chairman, (the Duke of Manchester). Seizing it, I held it out before the meeting, by that

with myself, saying, 'This was once the scum of which the gentleman charged me with wishing to introduce into the Colonies—once foul, dirty, wretched rags. In it, now white as the snows of heaven, this gentleman (who spoke in ignorance of the subject, I believed) may see an emblem of the material we would send to the Colonies, of the work of our ragged-schools have achieved.' So, tossing down the paper, and bowing to the Duke, amid the cheers of the audience, taken by surprise, and manifestly pleased with this illustration, I left thankful to God that I was ready witted enough for the occasion. The last words that I heard as I left the room to scribble off this letter, being, 'Well done, Guthrie!'" (Letter to Mrs. Guthrie).

## Pictures as Story-Tellers.

The value of pictures, or rather their superiority over words as story tellers, is excellently illustrated by a couple of incidents which we find related in a foreign contemporary. In a village in India, recently, it became necessary in the course of some engineering operations to transport an immense mass of metal, weighing several hundred tons, from one point of the town to another. Ordinary means were out of the question; and as the engineers found themselves unable to devise any process, they did the next best thing—wrote to other engineers in England, who were constantly supervising such work. The latter, instead of writing out nice, large pages of foolscap, beautifully embellished with Greek letter formulae and red ink, quietly waited until the next big piece of metal which they had to transport, offered a favorable opportunity. Then they prepared a camera, and photographed every step of the operation, together with all the tools and appurtenances and forwarded the prints from the negatives to India. These the engineers in the far-off country followed, and with little difficulty accomplished their task.

Another instance is that of a bridge, also to be constructed in India, but not yet completed. This work involves the placing of very heavy weights and certain difficulties incident to the rapid change of level of the water to be crossed. At the present time just such a bridge is in process of erection in London, and the assistance of photography is again called in. As the London bridge grows toward completion, photographs are constantly made; so when the Indian engineers begin their work, they will be in possession of a set of guides of invaluable assistance to them.

A resident of Pittsfield, Mass., publishes his belief that there are separate heavens for men and women. His argument is that all the troubles in this life arise from the mingling of the sexes.

## A Philosophical Colored Man.

An elderly colored man, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, was squatting upon his bundle on the hurricane deck of one of the western river steamers, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged in a state of profound meditation. His dress and appearance indicated familiarity with camp life, and it being soon after the siege and capture of Fort Donelson, I was inclined to disturb his reveries, and on interrogation found that he had been with the Union forces at that place, when I questioned further. His philosophy was so peculiar, that I will give his own words as near as my memory will serve me:

"Were you in the fight?"  
"I had a little taste of it, sa."  
"Stood your ground, did you?"  
"No, sa, I runs."  
"Run at the first fire, did you?"  
"Yes, sa, an' would have run soon, had I know'd it was comin'."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line sa; cookin's my profession."

"Well! but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nuffin to me by de side of life."

"Do you consider your life more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly?"

"Yes, sa, I does; more dan all dis world, more dan a million dollars, sa; for what would that be wuth to a man wid de bref out of him? Self-preservation is the first law wid me."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"Cause, sa, dis 'rent men sets diff'rent value upon dervel's; my life is not in de market."

"But if you lost it you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me, when der power of feeling was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin! whatever, sa."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the Government without resistance."

"Yes, sa, dat."

help for it. I wouldn't put my life in de scales 'gainst any government dat ever existed, for no government could replace de loss to me. 'Spect dough dat de government safe, if da all like me."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you, if you had been killed?"

"Maybe not, sa. A dead white man ain't much wid dese sojers, let alone a dead nigger; but I'd a missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."—Exchange.

## Why I wasn't a Good Likeness.

A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude, and standing with one hand in his pocket. His friends and some of his clients went to see it. Everybody said:

"Oh, how much it is like him! It is the very picture of him!"

One farmer, who happened to be present, thought differently.

"Tain't a bit like him!"

"Tisn't, eh?" said half a dozen at once; "just show us wherein it is not a capital likeness."

"Wa'al, 'tain't; no use talkin', I tell you 'tain't!"

"Well, why? Can't you tell us why it ain't a good likeness?"

"Yes, easy enough. Don't you see he has got his hand in his own pocket? 'Twould be as good ag'in if he had it in somebody else's!"

## Preaching vs. Practice.

The other Sunday a Detroit minister preached a sermon on the sin of white lies and evasions, and he flattered himself that his congregation took every word to heart. Next day he made a call on one of his parishioners, and as he mounted the front steps he heard one of the boys call out:

"Ma! Ma! the preacher is coming here!"

"Great lands!" he heard her shout, "and my hair down and I've got this old dress on! Run to the door, Bill, and tell him I went to Grosse Island on a church excursion!"

"Oh, no, I hate to," said the boy.

"Go—go quick—hurry up, or I'll tan you till you can't raise a foot!" she urged, and the lad went to the door and discouraged the preacher from making the call.

TO MEND CHINA WARE.—Take thick solution of gum-Arabic, and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture is of a proper consistency. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges of the china ware and stick them together. In a few days it will be impossible to break the article in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

## Hardening the Constitution.

Men talk about "hardening the constitution," and with that view, expose themselves to summer's sun and winter's wind, to strains and over efforts, and many unnecessary hardships. To the same end, ill-informed mothers souse their little infants in cold water day by day; their skin and flesh and bodies are steadily growing rougher and thinner and weaker, until slow fever, or water on the brain, or consumption carries them to the grave; and then they administer to themselves the semi-comfort and rather questionable consolation of its being a mysterious dispensation of nature; when, in fact, nature works no miracle to counteract our follies. The best way we know of hardening constitution is to take good care of it; for it is no more improved by harsh treatment than a fine garment or new hat is made better by being banged about.

## Slumbering Plants.

It is well known that plants sleep at night; but their hours of sleeping are a matter of habit, and may be disturbed artificially, just as a cock may be waked up to crow at untimely hours by the light of a lantern. A French chemist subjected a Sensitive Plant to an exceedingly trying course of discipline, by completely changing its hours—exposing it to a bright light all night, so as to prevent sleep, and putting it in a dark room during the day. The plant appeared to be much puzzled and disturbed at first. It opened and closed its leaves irregularly, sometimes nodding, in spite of the artificial sun that shed its beams at midnight and sometimes waking up, from the force of habit, to find the chamber dark in spite of the time of day. Such are the trammels of use and wont. But, after an obvious struggle, the plant submitted to the change, and turned day into night, without any apparent ill effects.

## Starching Linen.

The following is recommended by a German journal: Make a liquid paste with good, fine wheat starch and cold water, and then stir in boiling water until a thick paste is formed, and immediately add white wax, (the exact proportions can only be determined by experience). If it is desirable that the linen should be very stiff, powered gum arabic may be added to the cold water with which the starch is mixed. The strained starch should be thoroughly rubbed into the articles after they have been well wrung out, after which they should be placed between dry cloths and passed through the mangle, and then rubbed on an ironing board in one direction with a soft rag, to distribute any lumps of starch. Collars, etc., should be ironed dry with a hot iron and considerable pressure. The sticking of the iron may be prevented by drawing it while hot over wax, and wiping it with a rag dipped in salt.

There is a Scotchman, Mr. Andrew, who for sixty years has never worn a coat, believing that a waistcoat with sleeves suits him better. He gave up smoking about the same time that he gave up his coat, and took to chewing. Feggans drinks half a glass of whisky three or four times each day, and has done so for the last half century. A report was circulated a short time ago that he was dead. This annoyed Feggans, who, when informed of the reproach, indignantly remarked, "Yes, but I know it was a lie whenever I heard it."

There is a great crop of oranges this year about Sacramento.

Rev. William Rand, of Seabrook, Conn., being bitten by a rabid dog, cauterized the wound with a red hot poker.

Why is a drunkard like a bad politician? Because he is always poking his nose into measures that spoil the constitution.

The other day at Vicksburg a small colored boy fell into the river and was rescued in a half drowned condition. He could have easily been pulled out by a negro floating along in a skiff, and when some one swore at the darkey for his lethargy, he replied, "Dis yere is my last collar, and de boy was kicking water like an alligator."

"Mary, why did you kiss your hand to the gentleman opposite?" asked a careful mother of her blooming daughter. "Why the gentleman had the impudence to throw a kiss clear across the street to me, and, of course, I threw it back indignantly! You wouldn't have me encourage him by keeping it, would you?"

"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your solemn oath, swear that this is not your hand-writing?" "I reckon not," was the cool reply. "Does it resemble your writing?" "Yes, sir, I think it don't." "Do you swear that it don't resemble your writing?" "Well, I do, old heat."

"You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?" "Y-e-es, sir."

"Now, how do you know?" "Cause I can't write."

The wife of a drunkard in Jacksonville, Ill., being chased by him with a knife, called upon her son to save her life. The boy complied by shooting his father dead.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.  
FORT LEWIS SELINKY, Associate Editor.  
HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:  
One copy, one year, \$1.50  
Clubs of ten, 12.50  
If not paid within six months, \$2.50  
These prices are in advance. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.  
For terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.  
All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions and Editorial Correspondence may be sent at the option of the writer, either to H. C. Rider, Editor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to F. L. Selinky, Associate Editor, Aurora, Cayuga Co., N. Y.  
All communications relative to the Foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, HENRY WINTER SYLVE, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:  
1 w. 2 w. 3 w. 4 w. 5 w. 6 m. 1 y.  
1 inch, 80 75 60 50 40 30 20 10  
2 inches, 1 25 2 00 3 00 5 25 9 00 15 00  
3 columns, 3 00 5 00 6 00 10 00 14 00 20 00  
4 columns, 5 00 8 00 10 00 15 00 25 00 40 00  
5 columns, 8 00 12 00 14 00 20 00 40 00 75 00  
Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, AUG. 26, 1875.

## Gone to the Convention.

We left for the Watertown Convention Tuesday afternoon, and will endeavor to furnish an interesting and accurate report of the proceedings, and probably the whole of our next issue will be devoted to it.

## Fatal Railroad Accidents.

A CITIZEN OF PORT JERVIS KILLED ON THE EASTON AND AMBOY RAILROAD.

(From the Tri-State Union, Port Jervis, N. Y., July 30th, 1875.)

Saturday morning, July 24th last, Mr. H. H. Farnum, of this village, received a telegram from Phillipsburgh, N. J., stating that his nephew, Wallace W. Farnum, a deaf-mute, had been killed on the Easton and Amboy railroad. His remains arrived here Saturday evening in charge of Mr. Tearfoss, an uncle of deceased, and from him we learn the following particulars of the accident:

Wallace had been stopping for several months with his uncle, who resides at Durham, and was engaged in canvassing for newspaper and book subscriptions. Thursday night he remained at Pattenburgh, and on Friday morning started down the track of the Easton & Amboy railroad, with the intention of visiting ex-sheriff Abbott, of that county, who resided about three miles distant. There were two roads leading from the track to the residence of Mr. Abbott, the first of which Mr. Farnum followed, and the second turning-off place when he was struck by the locomotive.

The employees on the train report that the engine whistled repeatedly, but he being deaf, of course, could not hear the sound. The pilot of the engine struck his legs and then the rear part of his head, and he was thrown about six or eight feet to one side killing him instantly. The train was immediately stopped, and the body was left in charge of two of the train men, who conveyed him to a building near by, and took charge of it until the inquest was held about seven o'clock that evening.

The pockets of the deceased were then examined and found to contain letters, the contents of which revealed his name, and word was immediately conveyed to Mr. Tearfoss. At the time of the accident the train was traveling at a rapid rate of speed, which was only slackened just before he was struck.

The road is a new one, lately built, and it is supposed that Mr. Farnum thought it comparatively safe to walk upon the track, as but few trains were yet running upon the road.

The deceased, who was a brother of Messrs. Peter E. and Eli P. Farnum, of this village, and a nephew of Henry H. Farnum, and S. B. Farnum, was within a few days of thirty-eight years of age. When four years old, he was attacked by scarlet fever, which left him deaf and speechless. He was well educated, having spent ten years in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. He afterwards learned the cabinet maker's trade, and specimens of his workmanship in the possession of Mr. H. H. Farnum, show that he was an ingenious and skillful mechanic. His health not permitting of his working at this trade, he entered the job printing office of Baker & Goodwin, of New York city, where he learned the printing business. In 1861 he entered the office of the Tri-State Union as a compositor, and after working a year entered into partnership with Mr. Allen for the publication of the Union, the firm being known as Allen & Farnum. In 1862 Mr. D. Holbrook purchased and thereafter conducted the journal. Mr. Farnum yet retained his interest in the paper until 1869, when the establishment was sold to Messrs. Foster & Mitchell. Since that date Mr. Farnum had most of the time worked at his trade, but at times had acted as canvassing agent, in which business he was quite successful.

His funeral was held from the residence of Mr. H. H. Farnum, yesterday afternoon; the sermon being preached by Rev. S. J. Rogers. The remains were interred in Laurel Grove Cemetery.

Last evening a deaf and dumb man named Peter Sider was struck by a train near New Scotland station on the Albany and Susquehanna railroad, and instantly killed. Sider for several years

past has been retained about the farm of Judge Gardner at Gunderland, doing chores, etc. It has been his custom to procure tobacco at Knowersville, and he would walk to that place on the track.

He generally timed his trips so as to avoid danger from the trains, but this time it seems he did not do so, and as he was unconsciously walking along the track at the curve near Stephen Frederick's place, the express train due in this city at 7:05 came in sight of him. The engineer whistled down breaks, and every effort was made to stop the train and warn him of his danger, but without success.

The pilot struck him, breaking his back and right leg, but not even cutting the flesh. The body was picked up and taken to Knowersville, where Dr. Barton made an examination. Justice Ogebury was to hold an inquest at Knowersville this afternoon. Albany Paper, Aug. 18th.

On August 4th, 1875, G. L. Geible was run over and killed on the railroad at Newport, Penn. He was nearly eighty-one years of age, and almost both deaf and blind.

MORAL: Keep off the railroad track at all times.

## Reduction in the Prices of the Clero Monument Photographs.

Proceeds to be devoted to the Building Fund of the proposed National Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

Views of the front, the bust in profile, three-quarters view of the bust and inscription, or portrait of Laurent Clero, 40 cents per copy of each.

Two or more photographs will be 35 cents per copy.

## STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS.

View of the front, or three-quarters view of the bust and inscription, 25 cts. each. Two different views of the same size, 45 cents per set.

Cartes de visite of the bust in profile with Mrs. L. Clero sitting near, 15 cents per copy.

## MANUAL ALPHABET VISITING CARDS.

1 card,	2 cents.
6 "	10 "
12 "	15 "
25 "	30 "
37 "	45 "
50 "	60 "
75 "	90 "
100 "	\$1.20
150 "	6.00
1000 "	11.85

Discount to appointed Building Fund Collectors.

WILLIAM O. FITZGERALD,  
Treasurer C. B. F.,  
Custom House, New York.  
August 20th, 1875.

## The Evils of Over-Tasking the Brains of our Young People.

me a space in your columns for a few extracts relative to the topic under the above heading, from that thoughtful little pamphlet, entitled "Wear and Tear, or Hints for the Overworked," (fourth edition; published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia). This is from the pen of S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., member of the National Academy of Sciences, etc. These words Wear and Tear, forming the text of this tract, he defines thus: "Wear is a natural and legitimate result of lawful use, and is what we all have to put up with as the result of years of activity of body and mind. Tear is another matter; it comes of hard or evil usage of body or mind, or of putting things to wrong purposes—using a chisel for a screwdriver, a penknife for a gimlet. Long strain, or the sudden demand of strength from weakness, causes tear. Wear comes of use; tear of abuse."

As a prelude to this subject, I shall begin with the following paragraph: "That in one and another way the cruel competition for the dollar, the new and exacting habits of business, the racing speed which the telegraph and railway have introduced into commercial life, the new value which great fortunes have come to possess as means towards social advancement, and the over-reduction and overstraining of our young people, have brought about some great and growing evils, of which we are beginning to be distinctly felt."

Here the author shows the ways in which certain classes of Americans are overtaxing and misusing the organs of thought, and thus injuring the health of the nervous system, at the same time having taken pains to ascertain "how much our habits, our modes of work, and, happily, climatic peculiarities, may have to do with this state of things."

Now, coming to the question of education—especially that of growing girls, in the same connection—he unhesitatingly points out the evils of our present system to this effect: "Worst of all, however, to my mind—most destructive in every way—is the American view of female education. The time taken for the more serious instruction of girls extends to the age of eighteen, and rarely over this. During these years they are undergoing such organic development as renders them remarkably sensitive. At seventeen I presume that healthy girls are nearly as well able to study, with proper precautions, as men; but before this time over-use, or even a very steady use of the brain, is dangerous to health and to every probability of future womanly usefulness."

"In most of our schools the hours are too many, for both girls and boys. From a quarter of nine, or nine, until half-past two is, with us, the common school-time in private seminaries. The usual recess is twenty minutes or half an hour, and it is not filled by enforced exercise. In certain schools—would it were the rule!—ten minutes recess is given after every

hour; and in the Blind Asylum this time is taken up by light gymnastics, which are obligatory. To these hours we must add the time spent in study out of school. This, for some reason, nearly always exceeds the time stated by teachers to be necessary; and most girls between the ages of thirteen and seventeen thus expend two or three hours. Does any physician believe that it is good for a growing girl to be so occupied seven or eight hours a day? or that it is right for her to use her brains as long a time as the mechanic employs his muscles? But this is only a part of the evil. The multiplicity of studies, the number of teachers—each eager to get the most he can out of his pupil—the severity of drill on our day, and the greater intensity of application demanded, produce effects on the growing brain, which, in a vast number of cases, can only be disastrous."

"In New England, where the forcing system is at its wicked worst for both sexes, the evil is beginning to attract attention, as in the case of the Boys' Latin School at Boston, which has no Saturday holiday, and seems to be admirably arranged to destroy health. In the Controller's Report, whence I culled my facts as to the Normal School of Philadelphia, there is quoted from a New England report a significant passage—whether it applies to girls or boys we do not learn. The health of school children, says the Controllers, in their report, dated 1869, has attracted the attention of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and their latest report contains important statistics as to the exhausting effects of over-exertion of the brains: 'In one school of eighty-five pupils, only fifty-four had refreshing sleep; fifty-nine had head aches or constant weariness, and only fifteen were perfectly well.' They tell us that the best medical opinions state that men should not use the brain daily more than six hours, nor children more than three; 'But in the above school thirty-one studied three and one-half hours, thirty-five studied four hours, and twelve from four to seven hours, in addition to the six hours of school.' The report adds that 'in places where scholars are highest in reputation, the above example is the common experience.'

"In a somewhat discursive fashion I have pointed out the mischief which is pressing to-day upon our girls of every class in life. The doctor knows how often and how earnestly he is called upon to remonstrate against this growing evil. He is, of course, well enough aware that many sturdy girls stand the strain, but he knows also that very many do not; and that the brain, sick with multiplied studies never thoroughly mastered, plods on, doing poor work, until somebody wonders what is the matter with the girl, and so she scrambles through, or else breaks down with weak eyes, headaches, neuralgias, or what not. I am perfectly confident that I shall be told here that girls ought to be able to study hard between fourteen and eighteen years without injury, if boys can do it. Practically, however, the boys of to-day are getting their toughest education later and later in life, while girls leave school at the age of fifteen or sixteen years. It is used to be common for boys to enter college at fourteen; at present, eighteen is a usual age of admission at Harvard or Yale. Now, let any one compare the scale of studies for both sexes employed half a century ago with that of to-day. He will find that its demands are vastly more exacting than they were—a difference fraught with no evil for men, who attack the graver studies later in life, but most perilous for girls, who are still expected to leave school at eighteen or earlier."

"I firmly believe—and I am not alone in this opinion—that as concerns the physical future of women they would do far better if the brain were very lightly tasked and the school hours but three or four a day, until they reach the age of seventeen at least. Anything, indeed, were better than loss of health; and if it be in any case a question of doubt, the school should be unhesitatingly abandoned or its hours lessened, as the source of very many of the nervous maladies with which our women are troubled."

Such are the views drawn from professional insight and experience, and in accordance with the order of nature, which are well deserving of serious consideration. These may probably apply equally to the admission of young male girls of our high-classes. It is, however, to be observed that the responsible heads of our institutions, do not generally fall into such a grave error—that of over-tasking pupils, the health and well-being of those so sacredly entrusted to their guardianship, having usually been their chief object."

By the way, it may not be out of place to suggest that teachers, too, should not be overworked; for at one of our institutions they are made to work eight hours a day in the schoolroom alone, while five or six hours are the universal limit. Indeed, it is hardly imaginable, that any mortal unless blessed with a very tough constitution, can stand this kind of work at the stretch of eight hours."

Considering the exhausting and peculiar nature of that noble calling, by reason of its requiring mental and bodily action at the same time, it would be almost needless to repeat the well-known fact that to use Dr. Mitchell's own words, "Combined overwork of mind and body is doubly mischievous, because nothing is now more sure in hygienic science than that a proper alternation of physical and mental labor is best fitted to insure a lifetime of wholesome and vigorous intellectual exertion."

Dr. Mitchell's little book is full of valuable hints, and every page shows thoughtful and intelligent study. In view of the fact of its having lately attracted a greater share of notice than any work of the kind, the author expresses himself gratified at learning from numerous sources that his words of warning have been of good service to "many thoughtless sinners against the laws of

labor and rest." Furthermore, he says: "Some of our best teachers have thanked me for stating, from a doctor's standpoint, the evils which their own experience had taught them to see in our present mode of tasking the brains of the younger generation of girls."

## The Mute Seen in a Curious Light.

The writer of the following is represented as seated in a wherry, rocked softly by the rising and falling sea, gazing out on the objects around him; and thus giving vent to his thoughts:

"One of those fishermen whose boat has just glided to its moorings, where it now lies as peacefully as if it had not been out since two o'clock this morning, is to me by far the most interesting person among all who pursue that traffic in Oldport, though, perhaps, he is the only one among them with whom I have never yet exchanged a word. There is good reason for it; he has been deaf and dumb from his boyhood. He is reported to be the boldest sailor among all these daring men; he is the last to retreat before the coming storm; the first after the storm to venture through the white and whirling channels, between dangerous ledges, to which others give a wider berth. I do not wonder at this, for think how much of the awe and terror of the tempest must vanish if the ears be closed! The ominous underings of the waves on the beach and the muttering thunder pass harmless by him. How infinitely strange it must be to retain the sight of danger, but lose the sound! Fancy such a deprivation in war, for instance, where it is the sounds, after all, that haunt the memory the longest; the rifle's crack; the irregular shots of skirmishes; the long roll of alarm, the roar of great guns. This man would have missed them all. Were a broadside from an enemy's gunboat to be discharged above the head, he would not hear it; would only recognize, by some jarring of his other senses, the fierce concussion of the air."

How much deeper seems his solitude than that of any other 'lone fisher on the lonely sea'! Yet all such things are comparative; and while the other contrast that wave-tossed isolation with the cheeriness of home, his home is silent too. He has a wife and children; they all speak, but he hears not their prattle nor their complaints. He summons them with his fingers, as he summons the fishes, and they are equally dumb to him. Has he a special sympathy with those submerged and voiceless things? Dumb-fish, in the old newspaper, were sometimes called 'dumb'd fish'; and they perchance came to him as one of their kindred. They have learned, like other innocent things, to accept this defect of utterance, and even to adopt it. I knew a deaf and dumb woman whose children spoke and heard; but while yet too young for words, they had learned that their mother was not to be reached that way; they never cried nor complained before her, and when most excited would only whisper. Her baby, ten months old, if disturbed in the night, would creep to her and touch her lips to awaken her, but would make no noise. One day, a deaf and dumb man who had an agonizing sorrow, or fearful secret, would be drawn by irresistible attraction into society of the deaf and dumb. What awful passions might not be whispered, what terror safely spoken, in the charmed circle around yonder silent boat—a circle whose centre is a human life which has not all the susceptibilities of life, a confessional where even the priest cannot hear. Would it not relieve sorrow to express itself, even if unheeded? What more could one ask than a dumb confidence! and if deaf also, so much the safer. To be sure he could give you neither absolute nor guidance; he could render nothing in return, save a look or clasp of the hand; nor can the most gifted or eloquent friendship do much more. Ah! but suddenly the thought occurs, suppose that suddenly the defect of hearing, as of the tongue, while liable to be loosed by an overmastering emotion, and that by startling him with your hoarded confidence, you were to break the spell! The hint is too perilous; let us row away.—Atlantic Monthly.

## Intellectual Labor in this Country Compared with that in Europe.

I believe that something in our country makes intellectual work of all kinds harder to do than it is in Europe; and since we do it with a terrible energy, the result shows in wear very soon, and almost always in the way of tear and loss. Perhaps few persons who look evidence of this fact at our national career alone, will be willing to admit my proposition, but, among the higher intellectual workers, such as astronomers, physicists and naturalists, I have frequently heard this belief expressed, and by none so positively as those who have lived on both continents. Since this paper was first written, I have been at some pains to learn direct from Europeans who have come to reside in America, how this question has been answered by their experience. For obvious reasons, I do not name my witnesses, who are numerous; but, although they vary somewhat in the proportion of the effects which they ascribe to climate and to such domestic peculiarities as the over-heating of our houses, they are as one as regards the simple fact, that, for some reason, mental work is more exhausting here than in Europe; while, as a rule, such Americans as have worked abroad are well aware that in France and in England intellectual labor is less trying than it is with us. A great physiologist, well known among us, long ago expressed to me the same opinion; and one of the greatest living naturalists, who is honored alike on both continents, is positive that brain-work is harder and more hurtful here than abroad—an opinion which is shared by Oliver Wendell Holmes and other competent observers. Certain it is that our thinkers of the classes named are apt to break down

with what the doctor knows as cerebral exhaustion—a condition in which the mental organs become more or less completely incapacitated for labor—and that this state of things is very much less common among the savans of Europe.—Wear and Tear.

## Minor Topics.

The indictments for whisky frauds already exceed seventy in number.

A tunnel under the sea between Calais and Dover was a project of Napoleon I.

A block of Straitsville (O.) coal weighing five tons will be taken to the Philadelphia Centennial.

The Sultan has ordered a railway to be constructed at his own expense from Constantinople to Bagdad.

The Russian aristocracy are opposed to their Government taking any part in the Centennial Exhibition.

Fifty thousand dollars has been expended at Jacksonville, Ill., in an unsuccessful attempt to find a bed of coal worth working.

The Prince of Wales will have a Cashmere shawl presented to him while he is in India. It is now being made at Srenuggur, and will cost 8,000 rupees.

It is proposed to erect an Educational Memorial Institute to John Knox at Haddington, Scotland, of which town he is believed to have been a native. About \$14,000 has thus far been subscribed.

During the first six months of this year, as compared with those of last, French commercial statistics bear witness to an increase of fifty millions of dollars in the general movement of trade.

Two members of the British Parliament have an appointment to meet in Yokohama, September 25, at 2 p. m., one going east from London and the other west. If either fails to arrive in time he is to forfeit \$5,000.

An Austrian officer who estimates the combined population of the empires of Russia, Austria, Germany, France and Italy at 223,000,000, places that of the British Empire at 290,000,000. The colonial possessions of Great Britain embrace a third part of the population of the whole world.

In clearing away the refuse from the ancient silver mines of Laurium, in Greece, a large number of seeds were found unknown to modern science, but described in the writings of Piny. The seeds took root, budded and blossomed, bearing beautiful yellow flowers, after a burial of at least 1,500 years.

Paris is delighted with its new American tramways, which are well patronized by people of all classes. The most successful of the new lines is that on the Boulevard Malesherbes, its cars being well filled at all hours of the day. The cars used in Paris are smaller than those used here, and are painted in dark brown, picked with red.

There is in Dallas, Texas, a chain 147 feet long, and consisting of 150 different silver coins, no two of which are alike. The coin of almost every country on the globe is represented in the chain, which is linked together with small silver wires. It was found in the Indian Territory, recently, and at one time was, doubtless, the talisman of some mighty monarch among the red men.

A colony of the Waldenses, the laborious and quiet people holding special religious tenets, and dwelling in the valleys of the Po and Pinerolo, has settled in the south-western portion of Missouri. It has laid out the plan of a future Waldenses city, called Verona, and already containing four hundred inhabitants. That section of country will soon be made to blossom, as these peculiar people are proverbially splendid workers.

The building of the Southern Pacific Railroad through Tehachape Pass involves a vast amount of labor. For twenty miles there is a succession of cuts, fills and tunnels. To reach an elevation in one part of this section eight miles of track will be laid to attain one mile of actual progress. The road at that point runs through a tunnel, and then descends a hill at a heavy grade. Another tunnel is nearly two miles long, and in places over a thousand feet below the surface.

## Narrow Escape.

On Wednesday of last week, at the picnic of the Presbyterian church and the Sunday School, held at Mexico Point, an accident occurred which threatened serious misfortune. The picnic had passed off very pleasantly, and many were returning to their homes. Very few boats had been upon the lake during the day on account of its roughness. About four o'clock four young men started out with a skiff. They were John and Fred King, Ned Stone and Robert Calkins. When about two hundred rods from the shore, Stone and Calkins attempted to change places, when one of them stepped on the side of the boat and it was capsize. Stone and Calkins clung to the boat, but the Kings, who were expert swimmers, struck boldly for the shore.

The excitement on the land was intense. People ran to the shore from all parts of the grounds. Only one boat was at hand, and that had a broken oar. Fortunately Fred King reached the shore in safety, but seeing his brother made no headway, he with Marshall Parker, at once swam back to him, rescuing him at the last moment. John was completely exhausted. He had been in the water bathing for a long time before the boat ride, and was badly chilled. He had hardly struck the water after the boat upset before he began to feel the effects of cold and weariness, and these in the end overcame him. On shore he was taken to the house, being treated with great kindness by Mr. Farr and his family, who have charge of the grounds. Drs. Becker and Johnson were present, and applied proper restoratives, and succeeded in reviving him. Meantime Stone was taken into a boat and brought ashore by Messrs. T. Farr and C. F. Wright. (Calkins having jumped off and swam ashore soon after the boat reached them.)

John King owes his escape, in a great measure, to his brother, whose pluck and presence of mind, although several plans were already being acted upon by those on shore for his rescue, which, however, would have been too late to save him. Much credit is also due to Messrs. Parker, Wright and Farr for the help which they rendered.

## Dempster Grove.

I have before me a photo-lithograph of Dempster Grove. The name is appropriate. To many it is suggestive of precious memory. Those who have listened to the eloquent utterances of the Christian minister whose name it bears, will rejoice to see this. Dr. Dempster was a man of no ordinary mind. Possessed of a high order of genius, sanctified by divine grace, he commanded respect wherever known. He was our first missionary to South America, where, amidst peril, he planted the seeds of religious truth, the fruit of which is just ripening into a hopeful harvest. In 1848 he represented American Methodism in the great Evangelical Alliance in London. He was the founder of Methodist theological schools on this continent.

Other names are used which are also suggestive in historic Methodism. The ground is laid out in consecutive avenues, intersected by streets. These have the names of distinguished persons in the church. The name of the great founder of Methodism, Wesley, indicates one of the main avenues. The name of our lamented editor, Dr. Love, makes one of the streets. Dr. Eddy's name designates another. Dr. Mattison, who was a member of the same conference and distinguished for keenness of intellect, and marked ability, gives name to another street. The editor of our chief church paper, the Christian Advocate, is not forgotten, for we have a Curry street. Neither are our venerable Bishops forgotten. We have Thompson street, in memory of him who was so ardently loved for his holy life, classic taste and active service. The name of Peck street is prominent, giving dignity and character to our campus ground. Hibbard and Stevens are in the catalogue. The apostle of Sabbath Schools is remembered, hence we have Vincent street. Our beautiful grove, our honored names, above all the presence of the Master which is ardently sought, we hope, will make this place where the tribes of Israel will assemble for many years to come, and blessings will flow to the hearts of multitudes from this consecrated ground. S. P. G.

Mrs. Drake and her son George, a young man eighteen years of age, have been living in the same house with Alonzo Lee, of New Haven. Mrs. Lee was of the susceptible age of 24, and becoming acquainted with George Drake, could not restrain her tender sentiments. But if her life became wrapt up in his, he was no less captivated by her. Mr. Lee remonstrated without effect, and on Tuesday of last week the affair culminated. The husband finding that Mrs. Lee was very anxious to follow out her own sweet will, and take George into public partnership, loaned them a horse and carriage to take them to the depot. Then they started, agreeing to leave the horse at the depot, where the husband could get it at his leisure. Suspecting their good faith in the latter particular, Mr. Lee started sometime after in pursuit. They were found not at the depot, but near Whitney's shoe shop, in this village, journeying towards Colosse. They should not be judged harshly, for it may be that they were merely looking about the town before taking final farewell. The husband, however, started them toward the depot, where he took formal adieu. Here the curtain falls.

The Democratic State Convention will be held in Syracuse, Thursday, September, 16.

The Resolutes and H. D. N. club of Parish, had another struggle on Thursday last. The Parish boys played finely before the game, and in the game. Harmon the Resolute pitcher was true to his post and worked like a tiger. On the 3rd innings the score stood 3 and 10 in favor of the Parish boys, and in the seventh, the score stood 10 to 12, the N. D. N.'s still leading. At this state of the game, Myers, the Resolute catcher took the field, (his hand being injured,) and put a fielder behind the bat, which threw the game into the H. D. N.'s hands. The score stood 18 to 27 in favor of the H. D. N. club. Com.

The Millers Base Ball Club, of Mexico, played their first match game Aug. 21, at Texas, with the Pick Ups, of Daysville. The day was fine for the game, it being cool and cloudy. The game was a decided one-sided affair, the score standing 60 to 5 in favor of the Millers. The Pick Ups lack practice; they would make a strong nine with practice. Wilcox played the 1st base well; Sherwood, on the 2nd held two nice flies; Morey as pitcher played well; Middleton caught behind the bat well. Among the noticeable plays of the Millers was the nice double play of Rose on the 2d base, and Saladin on the 1st base, the pitcher Cook made one nice running fly catch, Sayles as catcher was there every time. The game, which lasted 2 hours and 40 minutes, passed off very pleasantly. G. C. Webb, of Mexico, umpired with fairness. It is expected a return game will be played in a few weeks.

## Hints to Exhibitors at Fairs.

Those who propose making entries should apply to the Secretary for the necessary pedigree blanks and pamphlets, and before leaving home carefully examine the premium list, and make a list of all articles they wish to enter, writing first the class and number, underneath, all the articles belonging to that class. Then the next class with its articles, and so proceed till the list is completed.

Pedigrees of all thoroughbreds and statements of graded cattle should be made by exhibitors previous to leaving home, and, if possible, hand or send in by mail your list, with pedigree and statement, to the Secretary, thus saving him much valuable time and patience, and annoying delay to others making entries and receiving cards. H. L. B.

## Base Ball.

The Resolutes and H. D. N. club of Parish, had another struggle on Thursday last. The Parish boys played finely before the game, and in the game. Harmon the Resolute pitcher was true to his post and worked like a tiger. On the 3rd innings the score stood 3 and 10 in favor of the Parish boys, and in the seventh, the score stood 10 to 12, the N. D. N.'s still leading. At this state of the game, Myers, the Resolute catcher took the field, (his hand being injured,) and put a fielder behind the bat, which threw the game into the H. D. N.'s hands. The score stood 18 to 27 in favor of the H. D. N. club. Com.

The Millers Base Ball Club, of Mexico, played their first match game Aug. 21, at Texas, with the Pick Ups, of Daysville. The day was fine for the game, it being cool and cloudy. The game was a decided one-sided affair, the score standing 60 to 5 in favor of the Millers. The Pick Ups lack practice; they would make a strong nine with practice. Wilcox played the 1st base well; Sherwood, on the 2nd held two nice flies; Morey as pitcher played well; Middleton caught behind the bat well. Among the noticeable plays of the Millers was the nice double play of Rose on the 2d base, and Saladin on the 1st base, the pitcher Cook made one nice running fly catch, Sayles as catcher was there every time. The game, which lasted 2 hours and 40 minutes, passed off very pleasantly. G. C. Webb, of Mexico, umpired with fairness. It is expected a return game will be played in a few weeks.

## COLOSSE.

We were among the—about five hundred who went excursioning to the Thousand Islands last Friday. I tell you, Brother H—, we had a grand time. We were up at the depot at Union Square in good time for the 5 o'clock morning train. A few minutes and we were in Pulaski. At 7 sharp, we left for Cape Vincent. The party was made up from Parish, Mexico, Richland, Williamson, Albion, and Sandy Creek. The train made good time, and safely let us down at the Cape. All eyes were turned towards the steamer Faxton advertised to convey us down the river. She was nearing the dock on her morning trip. Soon planks were thrown out, and all aboard. The whistle made its ugly noise, and we were on our way down the river. Islands, river, mainland; mainland, river, islands and neat, now cottages, vessels, steamers and sail-boats; yes, and a funny little steamer; and villages, cities, and light houses, and big white letters painted on the rocks of some of the islands, and little flags, and telescopes, and the Inter-National Camping Grounds, and more islands, and the firing of guns, and a big house with a big dome. It was the Thousand Island House—five stories, and three of dome, and observatory—no body knows how much it cost—somebody guessed \$150,000. A little more than an hour at Alexandria, and we were on our way up the river bound for home. All aboard the cars—safe home, and a pleasant trip. It was worth the money. The round trip for \$1.75—golden up by Messrs. Hollis & Salisbury of Pulaski, who proved themselves gentlemen in every sense of the word. COLOSSE, N. Y., Aug. 21st, 1875. U No.

A farmer's wife in a Yorkshire town, England, was assaulted by her husband in a field lately, where there was a cow that the woman had greatly peited. On seeing the man beating his wife, tearing her clothes and otherwise maltreating her, the cow came charging up the field, and attacked the man with such ferocity that he was glad to retreat. The cow then took up a defensive position by the woman's side, and stood perfectly still while the latter struggled to her feet and supported herself by leaning against its flank, until she had sufficiently recovered to take refuge from her husband in flight.

THE MIDLAND TAX CASES.—In the cases against the Oswego Midland railroad, Judge Blatchford of New York, decided that there is no sound principle upon which the property of persons and corporation, which is placed in the hands of a receiver by a court of justice for the purposes of a suit pending in such court, can be regarded as being thereby rendered exempt from the operation of the tax laws of the government, within whose jurisdiction such property is situated; that, so far as it appears, the warrants of tax collectors are regular on their faces and the tax collectors are acting thereunder in good faith in the discharge of their duty. Such being the circumstances, the court denies the application for an injunction against the tax collectors.

—Miah Webb is quite dangerously ill.



Our German Element.

REPLY TO AN INQUIRY.

MINT OF THE UNITED STATES, PHILADELPHIA, August 2d, '75.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your inquiry relative to (1) the NUMBER of German deaf-mutes in the United States, and (2) the SCHOOLS for their instruction, "especially those in the deaf-mute language," I have to say that (1) nothing better than an approximate estimate of the number of such persons can be made, and (2) there are no schools exclusively for them, of which I am aware, except possibly the one near Detroit, to which I will refer further on.

(1) I have no means of knowledge on the subject, except the U. S. Census of 1870, and the reports of various institutions for the deaf and dumb. You will find in the 2d of the tables relative to deaf and dumb in the census of '70, a statement of the number resident in each state and territory, born in each of the German States. I can place no reliance upon this as anything but an inferior limit. As a general rule census takers have been found peculiarly liable to error in the case of the deaf, the blind and other special classes. In this particular the number returned is far below that what which from various items of personal knowledge, I should expect. Take the State of New York alone; I am confident that a number of foreign-born deaf-mutes, very nearly if not quite equal to the number credited to the whole State, were actually resident in the city of New York alone, or, at most, in that city together with Brooklyn. Last year I made a register of the pupils of the New York Deaf and Dumb Institution, during the preceding twenty years, some 1,200 odd; the number of German names was remarkable; I did not count them up, but my impression is they exceeded 300—that is, much exceeded the number credited to the State in 1870. The proportion of German children at that institution has been increasing steadily for years past. A similar fact is to be noticed in examining the registers of the institutions in Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and other States which have attracted a large German element.

The only reliable guide we have, in the consideration that German emigrants (if I am rightly informed) come in families to a greater extent than other nationalities; they do not undertake pioneer work, but seek employment in settled regions and particularly in large towns; they therefore do not leave behind the classes leave behind the classes least adapted to pioneer work, such as women children and "defectives," as we deaf-mutes are considerably and condescendingly called by some hearing persons—classes, the lack of which is noticeable in the newer states and territories: the proportion of these classes may therefore be assumed as roughly the same as that found in their native land, or at any rate the proportion found in this whole country. Now, in Germany at large, according to the best information available, which is fragmentary and in part not recent, the proportion of deaf-mutes is 1 in 1,500; in this country, 1 in 2,000. You will find this subject briefly treated in the article, "Deaf and Dumb," in the revised edition of the American Cyclopaedia, Appleton's, contributed by myself, vol. v., page 728. I found it impossible to collect statistics for a general estimate, and therefore gave only examples of the varying proportions. By the census of 1871, the number of deaf-mutes in Prussia was 24,488: I do not know the total population under that census; if you can learn it you can deduce the proportion.

In fine, I would say that the number of German deaf-mutes in the United States was 1 in 2,000 of the German element of our population.

(2) The institutions for the deaf and dumb in this country are, with very few exceptions, sustained by the State governments (one by the federal government) and are accordingly in general unsectarian and free from any restrictions of nationality. The exceptions are a few Romanist establishments, and possibly the one I alluded to at the commencement of this letter—the "Lutheran School" formerly at Royal Oak, Mich., in connection with a school for hearing children, but recently removed to Nooriss, near Detroit, and which is under the denomination mentioned in its title. I have no information regarding it, save the above items. Its Superintendent might give you some information.

I should mention, however, that the German institutions generally giving more prominence to the teaching of articulation than the majority of American institutions, the Germans among us, coming with this prepossession, prefer, where possible, to send their children to the schools here where the method is similar. Such establishments have arisen within the last few years in obedience to the reaction in public sentiment against the sign-method; and are particularly patronized by the Hebrews. The most prominent of these is the "Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-mutes," in the middle of one the blocks, on the west side where Broadway crosses Sixth avenue, New York city—near 44th St. The principal is Mr. D. Greenberger, a gentleman trained in the European schools, upon whose courtesy and intelligence you may rely, if you apply to him, to furnish all the information in his power.

A table of the institutions in the United States and British America, with various statistics, is published annually in the January number of the "American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb"—a quarterly periodical. The editor is Prof. E. A. Fay of the National Deaf-mute College, Washington, D. C. This table, however, does not include statistics of the nationality of pupils.

The collection of information regarding the deaf and dumb in general is extremely difficult, from the migratory character of our population. A year or

two ago the Superintendent of the Indiana Institution desired to send out circulars to his former pupils; and was able to obtain the addresses of not quite 100 out of 2,000! I, myself, have been endeavoring, as chairman of a committee, for several years to collect statistics bearing on the longevity of the deaf; but even with the aid of correspondents in nearly every state, the effort is well nigh hopeless.

Respectfully yours,

HENRY WINTER SYLE.

The Sunnyside Social Club Reception.

The reception of the Sunnyside Social Club of Deaf-Mutes, at the club rooms, 71 Skillman avenue, was in all respects a happy affair. There was a large attendance of the mutes and their friends, a number of persons with perfectly clear hearing being admitted by special permission. The evening was passed with various entertainments. Mr. W. G. Jones, a deaf-mute from the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, was present and contributed much to the enjoyment. His mother was an actress in the old Bowery Theatre, and he there became familiar to the stage. He possesses the power of mimicry to a wonderful degree, and is recognized among experts as the best sign constructor in the country. His character sketches were both delightful and quaint. The reception was conducted by W. A. Bond. The officers of the club are: G. H. Witsch, President; S. Schloss, Vice President; W. A. Bond, Secretary; T. L. Godfrey, Treasurer, (pro tem); and F. Streiner, Sergeant-at-arms.

CIVIS.

Live While You Live.

BY A PUPIL OF THE INDIANA INSTITUTION.

Life has an ultimate purpose. Without labor this great aim cannot be accomplished. Labor is the tonic that gives us a relish for pleasure, and is essential to our well being. Without it we should soon grow weary of existence. It is believed that God has assigned to each of his creatures a special work, and that no one who does not perform it can have true and lasting happiness. The world is wide, and all fields are open to willing hands and brave hearts, inviting all earnest workers to enter and strive for the reward. The demands of society and the occupations of active life, hold out a beckoning hand to all. If one door is closed against us, others are wide open. Small things should not be despised when larger ones are not at hand, nor should we be scrupulous about any honest employment. Then does it not behoove us, while we live, to seek opportunities, instead of standing with folded arms, idly waiting for them to find us; to do heartily what our hands find to do, that will improve our conditions, better our lives, or bring happiness to those around us. We must put our talents to the best use, and ever strive to lead truer and nobler lives. The onward progress may seem slow and scarcely perceptible, yet, after patient and continued effort we shall find our anticipations more than realized. But if life is allowed to pass away unoccupied by those duties which are intended for it, and which would so well fill it, is it not our own fault? Life will be to us as we choose to make it, either a time for self-improvement and of labor for the good of others, or a period of selfish ease and the enjoyment of shallow pleasures. We should not insist on striving alone when willing hands are extended to lend us aid. By seeking companionship we shall find that associated efforts are crowned with greater success than individual ones. In trying to hew out our own path regardless of others, we shall too often be doomed to disappointment. In every department of society men recognize the fact that associated effort is more powerful than individual. Let us illustrate. In the fastness of a mountain a rivulet takes its rise. It wanders onward, refusing to unite with sister streamlets determined to be known only as an individual and independent stream till it can pour its treasures in the bosom of the deep. Far up amid rocks and ravines another brooklet begins its course, and winds its silent way. Unlike its contemporary it seeks companionship with other streams, joins hands with innumerable helpers, welcomes all that can widen its borders, and contribute to its strength, till swollen by a thousand tributaries it moves on in majesty and beauty until it meets the embrace of the broad ocean. The beginning of both streams are alike. But in their progress one enlarges, while the other gains nothing, but is in constant danger of being lost amid arid sands and hidden chasms. This wonderful life which God has given. What shall it be to us who stand here to-day? What shall be its future? As we move forward in their broad pathway of mature life let it be with no faltering step. Let us seize with a tenacious grasp and an iron will the golden opportunities, value our privileges and seek earnestly to improve each fitting moment in advancing our own welfare or dispensing good to others, and we may expect the reward will be as sure as our efforts are deserving. Patience is an essential element of conduct and should predominate largely among the qualities which lead to prosperity. We too often become disheartened at not seeing immediately the result of our labors; but God has not so ordained the affairs of his world. We must renew our zeal, double our diligence, and learn to wait patiently as the husbandman does for the autumnal fruits. If the benefits bestowed upon us are misused, if the privileges granted us are slighted, if we neglect to mount the upward steps of life, and omit to cherish the ennobling emotions that urge us to aspire to eminence; we may one day in the not far distant future be called to account for this criminal neglect. If we allow the years to glide

by, while we live aimlessly, floating wherever the current may take us, are we not liable to be wrecked upon the hidden rocks and shoals that lie along the voyage of life? This neglect of opportunity, and omission of duty will bring their own punishment, and a harvest of regrets in the autumn of life. If the great purpose of life be wisely chosen and faithfully pursued all will end well, and then we shall rejoice in the result of our labors.

With to-day's sun, our school life will be ended, our class ties sundered, our genial friendship broken, these long cherished realities suddenly become pictures of memory, only illuminating the back ground of the past. This is the saddening thought of the hour. For years under the fostering care of our Alma Mater our lives flowed on together. Henceforth there no longer blend. The affections and feelings, hopes and fond recollections of school must not interfere with the stern demand of duty. Tomorrow we go forth from our mother institution with the flat-ories of hope and the inexperience of youth. Yet cheered by the best wishes of friends, and armed with the principles taught us, and the discipline of education, with honest resolutions, and brave hearts to face our destiny.

LIZZIE SHROYER.

Sunnysiders Abroad.

Mr. S. Schloss, the Vice President of the Sunnyside Social Club, intends to visit Tarrytown, where he will remain for some time.

The writer accompanied by T. I. Godfrey were at Rockaway a few days ago, and while strolling along the beach they noticed Mr. H. D. Reaves and wife.

Henry Elliott of the club will start for Troy in a few days, with Mr. Frank Klingman. They will be absent several days.

William E. Schenck, the former Treasurer of the Sunnyside Social Club, has gone to Saratoga Springs where he intends to remain till October.

Mr. George H. Witsch, the President of the Sunnyside Social Club, started for Buffalo yesterday. He intends to visit Niagara Falls where he will remain until the 23d of August. He will then start for Watertown to attend the Deaf-Mute Convention.

CIVIS.

"Haven't we had a Good Time?"

Such was the remark made time and again at the Grange picnic, held at Mexico Point, on Saturday last, under the auspices of Texas Grange. And they did have a good time, both Grangers and visitors.

The dinner, partaken of by about 400 persons, was all that could be desired, and we need hardly say that ample justice was done to it.

After the repast came literary exercises, consisting of essays, addresses, singing, etc. Seats were placed in a grove near the dancing hall, and Mr. Chapman, of Texas, acted as chairman, the duties of which he performed in a very creditable manner.

Mr. J. R. Woodard, of New Haven, read an excellent address on Granges, showing their objects. Miss Lottie A. Dennis read a poem entitled "The National Thanksgiving." Her reading was clear and distinct. Mrs. M. A. Dennis read an interesting and instructive essay on Commerce and Industry. Next followed an essay by Mrs. Mary Perkins, on Past and Present, which was well read and evinced a good deal of thought. J. J. Lamoree, Esq., District Attorney, being one of the visitors, was called upon by the chairman to address the audience. Mr. Lamoree gave an interesting and very practical talk, particularly to young men. He advised them to stick to their farms, cultivate them better, and not make too great haste to be rich. He said the farm was a good and safe place for a young man, and that tilling the soil was a most honorable and useful calling. His remarks were listened to with much interest.

At the close of the literary exercises the great attraction was the dancing hall. Some danced quite gracefully, while others were rather awkward at the business, but all entered into it with great zest, apparently much enjoying it, and affording a good deal of amusement to the spectators, many of whom thought it better than a circus.

Mr. E. Hamilton appeared to be as young as the youngest, and danced in a very graceful manner. Mr. A. L. Manger, too, who a short time ago was hobbling on two crutches, was on the floor, and jumped up and down in fine style. One of the happiest men in all the crowd was W. D. Cutler. He seemed to be just in his element.

The day was splendid, the number in attendance was about 700, and a jollier, happier company we have seldom seen. Nothing whatever occurred to mar the pleasures of the day, and the Texas Grange deserve great praise for the admirable manner in which everything pertaining to the picnic was conducted.

PARISH.

There were three deaths the past week in this place, Solomon Devendorf, David Niles, and Mrs. Charles Le Clair. Mr. Devendorf died of apoplexy, Mr. Niles of consumption, and Mrs. Le Clair of tumors, which wasted her life away. She has been a great sufferer.

There is considerable sickness here, mostly of fever. Dr. Todd has just commenced to recover from a fever. R. C. Robertson, Joseph Hegelin, and Mrs. Winfield Davy are sick from the same disease.

Our harvest has just commenced. This grain has suffered much from drought. Potatoes will be less than a middling crop.

Parish, Aug. 17, 1875. ODD.

The Helicon Band.

About four years ago the Helicon band was organized under the leadership of Herbert Graves. D. G. Sutton was the instructor for a time. Little, however, was done to the knowledge of the public until about three years ago, when the present popular leader was selected, who infused new energy into the organization. The instruction of Frank Shelling, the leader of the band of the 48th Regt., and one of the finest musicians in Northern New York, was then secured, which continued until last year. At the close of his instruction, in February, 1874, the band gave a concert at Empire Hall, which was one of the finest entertainments ever given in our village. We have been anticipating another, and hope that one will soon be given. The band is now in a good degree of efficiency. It possesses a great deal of natural talent and considerable culture. Some new pieces have lately been played which in execution will compare favorably with the performances of any band in the county. We would like to see the band often on the street.

HENRY PENFIELD, the leader, plays the 1st E. b. Cornet. He has enjoyed fine advantages; was a member of the 24th Regt., N. Y. Vols.; is an excellent musician, and admirably adapted for a leader, not only by his musical qualifications, but also because of having a large soul always full of mirth and sunshine, that has done much to preserve good feeling and harmony among the members of the organization.

THEODORE WEBB, plays the first B. b. Cornet. He has been a member about one year; has fine natural talent. No one has improved faster than he, during an equal length of time.

J. O. BALLARD plays the 2d B. b. Cornet. Has been a member over two years. Gets a good full tone usually. With requisite exertion in study and practice he can make a good musician.

WILLIS HUNTINGTON plays the solo, E. b. Alto. Has been a member about one year and a half; received his first instructions in Chaffee's band. His untiring practice has made him a splendid performer. Others would do well to follow his example.

GEO. PENFIELD plays the E. b. Tuba. About six months ago he was first seen carrying a horn; has a fine taste and gets a good clear tone. His rapid improvement shows that he is often in company with his instrument. Report says he is so much in love with it that he puts it under his pillow at night.

FRANK DOLBAR plays the 1st E. b. Alto. Also came from Chaffee's band five months since; plays well, always in correct time, coming eight miles to attend rehearsals, shows a degree of energy and persistence that is highly commendable.

V. WALTON plays the 2d E. b. Alto. Is one of the old members; has improved greatly during the last six months. A weak and fuzzy tone has given place to a strong clear one, which shows that he is giving more attention to practice than formerly, and gives promise to make an excellent musician.

CHARLES COPPS plays the 1st B. b. Tenor. Understands music, and with the proper effort and practice, can make a first class performer.

G. TRIMBLE plays the 2d B. b. Tenor. Also a late member of Chaffee's band; gives a strong and distinct tone, but plays by ear too much. His musical capacity is fine, but he should break this habit in order to succeed.

N. HART plays the B. b. Baritone. Is a young player. His rapid improvement shows that it is only a matter of time for him to make a first class performer; is always on hand at rehearsals, and always earnest and interested.

HOMER AMES is passionately fond of music, and doubtless finds in this organization a relief from business cares and anxieties. He is a good performer on the base drum, and always faithful and prompt on duty.

JOHN COBB is one of the most skillful tenor drummers in Northern New York.

GEORGE LANDERS plays the cymbal, which require little skill, but he performs his part well, and learning music easily may sometime lead the band.

All the members are highly respectable, and as an organization are an honor to the village.

Real Estate Sales.

J. J. Taylor, to Jessie A. Slawson, land in Parish, \$200: Dec., 1873.

Ira L. Jenkins, et al., to Jessie A. Slawson, land in Parish, \$600: July, 1875.

Ishabod Miner to John M. Potter, land in Orwell, \$3,000: July 1872.

Alfred Dann, to Ephraim Godfrey, land in Hannibal, \$1: Oct., 1874.

P. H. Castle to John McKinley, lot in Mexico, \$2,000: April, 1874.

Israel Drako to Gust Vault, land in Mexico, \$950: May, 1875.

In Memoriam.

To the members of the Mexico Grange:—Whereas we are called to part with a worthy member in the death of Arthur Sampson, who is the first brother taken by death. We miss him in our social gathering, and in our labors for mutual improvement. Therefore,

Resolved, That we recognize the hand of an All Wise Providence in our affliction, and we know that "He doeth all things well," and we believe that our brother is not lost but taken from this fraternity below to a brighter one above.

Resolved, That we tender to the parents, brothers and sisters of the deceased, our kindest sympathies in their bereavement, hoping that they may gather "beyond the river" an unbroken circle.

Resolved, That in testimony of our sorrow, and our appreciation of our departed friend, our hall be draped in mourning.

I. S. HOSFORD,  
H. H. PORTER,  
D. H. FOSTER,  
Committee.

Jurors Drawn.

The following jurors have been drawn for the Circuit Court and Oyer and Terminer to be held in Oswego beginning September 18th:

GRAND JURORS.

Augustus Lester, Samuel Hall, Hannibal; Schuyler M. Barker, New Haven, Abijah Scott, Frank Coffinger, Riley Worden, John S. McCoy, Philo Wheeler, Oswego Town; Duncan McRae, Leonard Ames, Nicholas Sands, Thomas E. Faulkner, Patrick Cullinan, John Garland, D. G. Fort, M. F. Carpenter, Lyman Coon, Cornelius Conner, Edwin Chase, Oswego City; Tins E. Gilbert, Schreppel; Willis Ney, Abram Moyer, John Root, William Blackburn, Volney.

PETIT JURORS.

B. F. Byrne, S. H. Dunham, Joseph Willmarth, Hannibal; J. S. Draper, M. J. Guile, A. R. Ware, J. C. Wells, Granby; H. B. Allen, New Haven; G. J. Cornish, M. Penfield, James Wadsworth, Oswego Town; Martin Lally, R. Bickford, D. L. Couch, Adelbert Allard, W. H. Sweet, Anthony Culkins, F. T. Crouch, John J. Hart, Samuel Snody, Jas. Hennessey, R. Pettigew, W. A. Rundell, Edward Kelley, O. F. Gaylord, Oswego City; F. Richardson, Jr., T. DeLong, C. Upson, Harrison James, Palermo; G. I. Rice, Henry Parkhurst, Cory Mitchell, Scriba; C. C. Mason, Geo. Simons, J. D. Barnaska, Schreppel; Ira Campbell, Volney.

At the Sabbath School in Vermillion, the other Sunday, it was decided to abandon the annual picnic, owing to the near approach of camp-meeting time. This was not satisfactory to the younger scholars, and, with the enterprise of Young America, they held a picnic of their own in a grove near that village, last Thursday. The arrangements were made by the children, and the older people received no invitations.

We advise surrounding places to beware of an epidemic that has attacked the people—or rather the young and old men—of our village. It is thought that it was brought from Oswego or Parish. It first appeared among the small boys on the street, and now men of fifty, and even sixty years of age—some of our store-keepers, lawyers, etc.—may be seen going to some level piece of land to play base ball. Several games, after the fashion of forty years ago, have lately been played. Can no one give us a remedy to stay this terrible disease?

The Main street bridge over Black creek fell down last week. It is now being repaired.

Mr. Chas. Webb has raised the back wing of his house, and intends to repaint the whole soon.

Rev. Mr. Parker of Grace Church, exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Foster, of Pulaski, last Sunday.

District Attorney Lamoree was in town yesterday, looking as cheerful and good-natured as ever.

Mr. Geo. Butler, our Deputy Postmaster has returned from his vacation. He looks better after even such a short rest.

Charles Alfred and DeWitt Stevens are home on a vacation. Both look well and have, we think, fine situations in Chicago.

Louis Weed has been in town for a day or two, and his friends here are very glad to see him.

S. W. Eddy left last Monday, to enter upon his duties as Principal of Springville Academy. We wish him success in his new field.

We had a pleasant call from Hon. Cheney Ames, of Oswego, yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. Ames have been in town for a day or two, visiting friends.

Dist. school No. 8, in this village, opened on Monday with full attendance. The former teachers, Chas. F. Wright and Miss H. Richardson, being in their former places.

Homer Ballard has sold his house with one-half an acre of land to John Whyborn, taking property in Minnesota in exchange. We are glad that Mr. Whyborn is to take up his abode in our village.

Thos. Jeffrey has purchased the residence of the late Mr. B. Thayer, for \$1,500. Mrs. Thayer intends to reside with her daughter, Mrs. C. J. Diefendorf, who lives at Grand Island, California.

The Helicon Band furnished music at the Rural Dinner on the camp-ground in New Haven. On their return they serenaded Mr. S. Shepard at New Haven, also Addison Tuller and Solomon Matthews.

The sixth biennial convention of the State Deaf-Mute Association commences at Watertown to day (Wednesday), and closes on Friday. The members of the convention will make a trip to Alexandria Bay to-morrow.

After more than ten years' service, the efficient and faithful agent at the depot, Mr. C. L. Webb, has resigned in favor of his son, Mr. Geo. Webb, who has undertaken the duties of his place. We have no doubt but that George will make a popular and efficient agent.

The time for holding our County Fair has nearly arrived. All have something that will add interest to the exhibition; therefore, let all help to make this one of the largest and best displays that has ever been held here. The officers are doing their part, and we feel assured that it will be a time of pleasure and profit to all who attend.

Rev. A. Parke Burgess gave us a call on Monday. We were glad to see him looking so well, and to learn that his church in Newark is in a very prosperous condition. Mr. Burgess is still very active in the temperance cause; in fact, every good work finds in him a warm supporter. He will remain in this neighborhood for some days.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER

FOR THE

DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875,

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE  
WILL DEPARTMENT EVERY

BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS AIM WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

CORRESPONDENCE.  
We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, etc., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of

HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.

Who needs no introduction to our readers.

HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.



Postage Free.

Subscribers for the JOURNAL have no Postage to pay.

We shall pay the postage on every paper that we mail. This does not increase the price of the paper; it remains the same

AGENTS.

We want agents in every available locality. Reliable men acting as our agents will be allowed to retain, as commission, twenty-five cents on every subscription they obtain. Those who wish to serve will please communicate with us at once.

TERMS.

One copy one year, in advance, - \$1 50  
Clubs of ten, - - - - - 1 25  
One copy, six months, in advance, - 75

These prices are invariable. Remit by draft, post office money order, registered letter.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Mexico, Oswego Co, N. Y.



